

THE FIVE CENT

WIDE AWAY LIBRARY

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

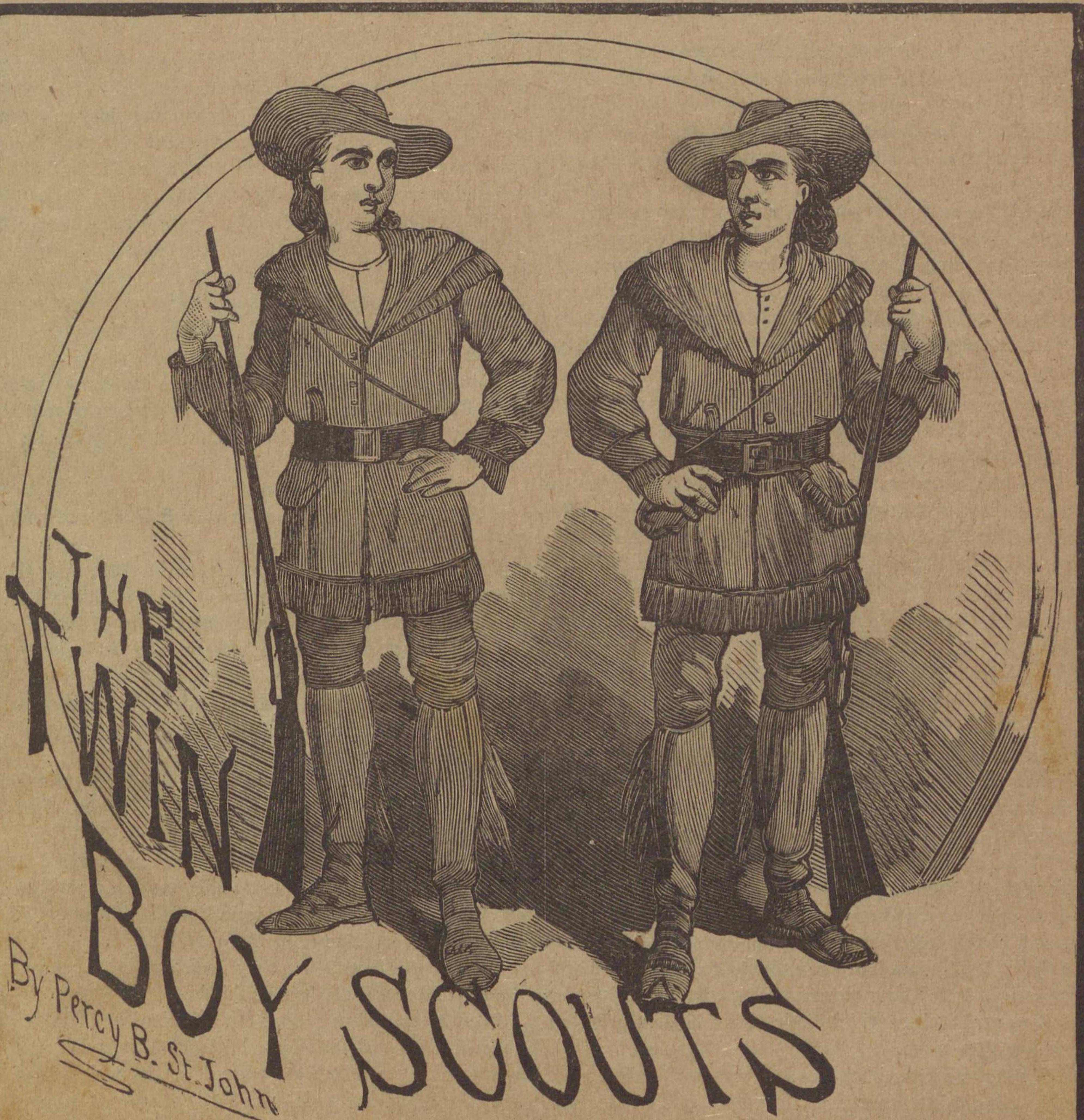
No. 1212. {COMPLETE}

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE ST., N. Y.
NEW YORK, November 9, 1894.

{ PRICE }
ISSUED WEEKLY.
5 CENTS.

Vol. II.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1894, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



The Subscription price for THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY for the year 1863 will be \$2.50 per year; \$1.25 per 6 months, post-paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

THE TWIN BOY SCOUTS.

A Story of the Wyoming Massacre.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Author of "Tim Woodruff," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWIN BOY SCOUTS—THE BRITISH SPY—GREUGWATOH.

WYOMING, in the valley of the Surquehanna. Its beauties have been written of in prose and verse, so that its name is familiar to every reader.

The fertile soil and natural advantages drew to Wyoming valley a band of industrious settlers, at a very early date.

The hardy yeomen of Wyoming responded so bravely to their country's call during the struggle for American independence that the summer of 1778 found the settlement almost destitute of fighting men.

Nearly all had joined Washington's army, which was at that time in urgent need of every fighting man in the colonies.

It was the last of June, a beautiful day, when the sun shone, the birds sang, and fair Wyoming more than ever resembled an earthly paradise.

Early in the morning, two boys, twin brothers, and so nearly alike that a stranger would have found great difficulty in distinguishing one from the other, were cautiously making their way along an Indian trail at the north-east end of the valley.

The two brothers were known everywhere throughout Wyoming as "*The Twin Boy Scouts*," and their names were respectively Nathaniel and Henry Harding, but they were usually called "Nat and Harry."

The Twin Boy Scouts had contributed not a little to the welfare of the exposed and ill-protected settlement of Wyoming, for they were wonderfully skillful scouts, and many times had they warned the settlers of danger from marauding bands of savages. It was by reason of information brought by the Twin Boy Scouts that the settlement had been saved more than once from surprise and perhaps destruction at the hands of savages led on by British or Tory leaders.

Nat and Harry were brave and noble boys.

The Twin Boy Scouts had been taught to love liberty and hate oppression, and they worshiped the beautiful banner of the Stars and Stripes which their father had unfurled as the emblem of freedom.

The Boy Scouts wore buckskin leggings and Indian moccasins, hunting-shirts secured at the waist by broad leather

belts, and upon their heads coon-skin caps, with the tails hanging down upon their shoulders. They were armed with guns and hunting-knives.

"I say, Nat," said Harry, who was a little in advance of his brother, as they followed the trail in Indian file, "I believe that strange man we saw making his way toward the hut of Tory Jack will bear watching. I feel it in my bones that he is a spy of the red-coats, and I shouldn't wonder if there was some deviltry brewing."

"That's just what I think, Hal. You know, if the Tories and Indians should take a notion to come down on us now all of a sudden we'd stand no show. I think it's a shame Congress don't send back some of our men when they know the Tories and Indians are plotting to capture the valley," answered Nat.

"Well, they won't send us help, so we must make the best of the situation. Now, then, we must move cautiously, for Tory Jack's hut is in the bush a little way up the hill," said Harry.

"All right," assented Nat.

"We'll scout up, and maybe we'll find out who and what Tory Jack's strange friend is."

The boys now glided from the main trail, and skulked through the forest toward a point from which a thin column of smoke arose from the mountain hut of Tory Jack.

Tory Jack was an old hunter, and he had spent years among the Seneca Indians.

The old renegade was an evil-minded, dangerous man, and he hated the American patriots and, indeed, the entire white race.

Perhaps the only reason why he sided with the British was, because his savage friends, the Senecas, had been bought over to the red-coats by British gold.

For several days the Twin Boy Scouts had noticed a stranger prowling about the settlement, and they had started out this morning to scout around the old renegade's hut, as their conversation implied.

The preceding evening they had tracked the stranger to the neighborhood of Tory Jack's hut.

Silently as Indians upon the trail of a foe whom they desired to surprise, the Twin Boy Scouts threaded the forest, and soon they reached the edge of a little clearing where Tory Jack had built his hut.

As the two boys crouched behind a fallen log and peered into the clearing, the door of the solitary hut was thrown open and two men issued forth.

One was well advanced in years, his red beard and long tangled hair was streaked with white, and he was attired in full Indian costume, war-paint, feathers, and all.

In this individual the boy scouts recognized the renegade, Tory Jack.

The other man, Tory Jack's companion, was clad in a close-fitting suit of rich black material, and his erect, military bearing and haughty air would have become an officer of the British army.

Tory Jack carried a gun, and his belt was ornamented with a tomahawk and scalping-knife.

The man in black exhibited no weapons of any kind.

If armed at all, the stranger kept his arms out of sight.

Tory Jack and the stranger advanced straight toward the spot where the Twin Boy Scouts were concealed.

"Thunder!" whispered Nat, "we are a-goin' to be found out."

"Hush!" continued Harry, bringing his gun to bear upon Tory Jack.

"Goin' to pop him, Hal?"

"Not if I can help it, but I don't want him to take us at a disadvantage."

The Twin Boy Scouts expected nothing short of immediate discovery, but when Tory Jack and his companion were within a few feet of them they turned to the left, and, passing very near the concealed boys, they entered the forest at a point a few feet beyond them.

"A close shave," whispered Nat.

"Very."

Tory Jack and his companion took a course which led around the mountain side out of the valley.

The Twin Boy Scouts trailed them closely.

After a short walk the Tory and the strange man in black came to a halt under a gigantic tree.

"Too-whit-too-hoo! Too-whit-too-hoo!"

Tory Jack uttered this peculiar cry twice in a clear shrill voice.

A moment passed, and then from a distance the cry was answered in the same way.

"An Indian signal," whispered Harry.

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder if we'd find out something worth knowing this morning," answered his brother.

The men the boy scouts were watching seated themselves under the tree.

"Greugwatoch answers you. He will soon be here," said the stranger to the old Tory.

"Yes, the Seneca chief knows that signal," replied Jack.

The two men remained silent until the sound of light footsteps warned them that some one was approaching.

"Too-whit-too-hoo!" again cried Jack, and a moment after four magnificent specimens of the red race emerge to view from the forest and joined the two white men underneath the tree.

"Greugwatoch and his war chiefs are here," said the tallest of the four red men.

Nat and Harry started at this announcement, for Greugwatoch was the greatest chief of the Senecas, and his reputation for merciless barbarity was such that his very name

carried terror to the heart of every white settler in the colony.

"I am glad to see you," said the man in black, "for I have good news for you. The settlement of Wyoming is at our mercy. I have visited it, and the fighting force of our foes numbers not more than three hundred, counting old men and boys. The red men shall take many scalps and much plunder, and their war-whoops shall strike sudden terror to the heart of the rebels, for they dream not that we are near at hand."

"I'd like to plug him with a bullet, the sneaking spy," grated the excitable Nat, in his brother's ear, for the boy scouts overheard all this.

"Our white brother speaks well. The red men are eager for battle," answered the Seneca chief.

"Then carry my words to General Butler, and I doubt not that he will at once order the advance of his force. I will join him as he enters the valley," said the man in black.

Without a word the four savage warriors departed as they had come.

Tory Jack and the British spy followed them until they reached a cliff overhanging a mountain gorge.

The boy scouts kept close to them.

"Look there," said the spy, pointing down into the gulch.

Tory Jack gazed downward, and the boy scouts also peered over the cliff.

"My God, Wyoming is doomed!" exclaimed Nat, in so loud a whisper that Harry clutched his arm and hissed "Silence, or you will betray our presence."

The sight which met the eyes of the twin boy scouts was one calculated to strike terror to their hearts.

Assembled in the gulch below was a vast horde of savages, and white men in half-savage garb.

They were a few British soldiers among the army.

"There must be a thousand of them, white and red," said Harry.

"Come, brother, we must away to warn our friends in the valley; not a moment must we lose. See, they are moving down the gulch. They will reach the valley in advance of us, I fear. God have mercy on us!" Thus spoke Nat, and the boy scouts turned to retreat.

At the same moment the wild war-whoops of the Senecas rang in their ears, and six painted savages, with tomahawks in hand, came leaping toward them, from the direction in which they wished to go.

The rifles of the twin boy scouts sprang to their shoulders, and the next moment they fired simultaneously.

CHAPTER II.
QUAKER SAUL—BESIEGED IN A CABIN—CUT OFF BY THE SENECA'S.

The two shots from the guns of the boy scouts caused the on-rushing savages to halt for a moment, and two of their number fell.

The six Senecas had been scouting down the edge of the valley, and they were returning to the main force when they ran upon the boy scouts.

As the yells of the Senecas reached the ears of Tory Jack

and his companion, they rushed toward the boys, whose presence they now of course at once detected.

The British spy drew a pistol from beneath his black coat and Jack brandished his hunting-knife and gun.

The venturesome boy scouts were now between two fires, so to say.

The merciless Senecas were before them, and the equally dangerous white men precluded all possibility of retreat.

The situation was one of imminent peril.

This, however, was by no means the first time that the daring boy scouts had faced deadly danger, and they experienced not a tremor of fear.

The momentary pause of the Senecas was followed by a more desperate onset.

Like tigers leaping upon their prey, the forest warriors sprang at the boys, while Tory Jack and his companion joined in the assault.

The boy scouts clutched their knives and clubbed their guns.

The boys saw only a cruel death or dread captivity before them, and yet they meant to die fighting.

It was at this critical moment, when the fate of our brave boys seemed decided, that a gigantic *white man*, clad in the garb of a Quaker, broad-brimmed hat and all, leaped down from the overhanging limbs of a tree at the boys' side.

"Yea, verily, my two Davids, gird up thy loins and smite the Philistines both hip and thigh. Verily, I am a man of peace, but upon this occasion will I forget the tenets of my faith. Sail into 'em, boyees, for Quaker Saul are with ye! Yea, verily!"

Thus shouted the new-comer, dashing at the savages like a tornado in human form.

The Quaker had clubbed his rifle, and in an instant his tremendous blows, dealt with all the force which he could command, stretched two of the Senecas out upon the earth with crushed skulls.

The two remaining savages fled in terror.

"Come on, boyees, for verily the Philistines will be arter us as were the followers o' Pharo arter the children of Israel. Yea, verily they will!" shouted Quaker Saul, dashing away toward the valley.

The boys closely followed him.

A bullet from the gun of Tory Jack at this moment whistled by the Quaker's head, and one from the pistol of the British spy grazed the shoulder of Harry.

"Yea, verili the missiles o' the heathen are hurled arter thee. Let us make for the stronghold o' our friends, lest they overtake us and despitefully use us," cried the Quaker, still dashing on.

Quaker Saul was well known to the boys, and he was a brave Indian fighter, though he claimed to be a Quaker and man of peace.

The twin boy scouts and Saul never halted in their wild race until Fort Wintermoor, the first stockade which the Wyoming settlers had erected for protection against the Indians, was in sight.

Farther down the valley was Forty Fort, a more strongly constructed stockade.

Fort Wintemoor was garrisoned by a few old men too ad-

vanced in years to go to the war, but it was not calculated to withstand a siege.

"Let us warn the family of Joseph Elliott. He is the first settler in our route, and he may yet have time to get his family within the stockade of Forty Fort," cried Nat, as the three friends reached the foot of the hill.

Through fields of grain they then ran to the log farmhouse of the settler in question.

Mollie and Jennie Elliott, the two beautiful young daughters of the settler, aged only about a year or so younger than the twin boy scouts, who had long been their boy lovers, met our friends at the door.

Joseph Elliott and his son John were at work in a field near by.

Hurriedly the boy scouts told the girls what they had discovered, and they were hastening to the field to warn their father, when the war-whoop of the Senecas came to their ears, and to their horror they saw a band of savages rush from the shelter of a wheat-field, toward the spot where Joseph Elliott and his son were at work.

At sight of the savages Elliott threw down his hoe, and, followed by his son, ran for a tree against which stood his gun.

Ill-fated settler! Before he reached the tree a bullet from the gun of a savage brought him down.

John Elliott, however, reached the tree, and seizing his father's weapon, shot down a hideous savage just as he was in the act of scalping his father. Then, throwing down his empty gun, he ran for the house.

The savages followed in close pursuit, but three shots from the weapons of the twin boy scouts and Quaker Saul stopped them for a moment, and John Elliott reached the log house.

The door was instantly secured, and the boy scouts and the Quaker, with John Elliott, took their places at the windows, two in number, and at the loopholes, of which there were also two.

The Senecas cared not to venture within gun-shot, and they came to a halt just out of range, seemingly for the purpose of consultation.

"The red heathen do commune among themselves and hold controversy. Verily, me thinketh that they strive to devise somewhat for our overthrow. Yea, verily!" said the Quaker.

"We must get out of this or our death will surely come. It is only a matter of time. Soon the horde of savages and Tories of which this little party is but an advance guard will come surging down the valley," said Harry.

"Verily, out of the mouths of sucklings proceedeth wisdom. Verily, we are in exceeding great extremity," answered Saul.

The cabin of Joseph Elliott was a little south of Fort Wintermoor, which was also further to the east.

"If we could reach Fort Wintermoor we might be safe for a time?" said Mollie Elliott.

"But only for a time," answered Nat. "The savages and Tories will capture the stockade in no time. Forty Fort promises better. We must get there or we are lost."

"Hallo! I see a white man dressed in black among the Indians," said John Elliot, at this moment.

All within the cabin looked forth.

"Verily, he is the same Philistine we saw communing with the Children of Belial in the forest. Yea, he is bad medicine. I am a man of peace, but I would smite you, white man, even as was Goliath smitten. Yea, verili, would I," said Saul.

"He has been at our cabin several times when father and brother were away at work in the field. Sometimes he asked for water, and then he asked many questions about Wyoming Valley. Sister and I became afraid of him; for he has wicked eyes, and he flattered us. He wanted to kiss Jennie, and seized her by the arm when she started to run into the house. I threatened to call my father, and he went off muttering, 'I'll have you in my care yet, my little rebel beauties.'

"By Heavens! I believe he is come now to make good his threat. See, he is urging the savages to attack the cabin," said Nat.

"I'd give anything if a bullet from my gun could reach the wretch," grated Harry.

"Verily, maidens, be not alarmed, for I am a man of peace, and war and rumors of war are an abomination unto my spirit, but upon this occasion will Quaker Saul beat his plow-share into a sword, and his prunin'-hook into a spear. Yea, verily, will Quaker Saul stand by thee, maidens, unto the last."

"I doubt not your bravery, friend Saul," answered Jennie, "and in you and Nat and Harry we know we have three brave defenders to help my brother in fighting for us."

At this moment a terrific yell went up from the savages, and to the consternation of our besieged friends, they saw the red flames leaping up from Fort Wintermoot, while from the doomed fort came the sound of gun-shots, mingled with the yells of the Indians.

"*Fort Wintermoot is on fire!*" cried Harry.

"God help the little garrison!" said Nat.

"By the Lord, the Indians before our cabin are retreating!" said John Elliott.

"That's so!" cried one of the girls.

"Verily, friends are coming unto the relief of the city!" said Saul.

It was so!

Driven from Fort Wintermoot, the few surviving members of the heroic little garrison were retreating toward Forty Fort from their stockade, which the torch of the savage had already fired.

As Elliott's cabin was in the route of the retreating one, they came toward it, hoping to save the settler's family.

The savages beat a retreat at sight of them.

The men from the garrison sent a volley of gun-shots after the retreating savages, and in a moment or so they reached the cabin.

"On to Forty Fort for your lives!" shouted the men from Wintermoot, scarcely halting at the cabin.

Our friends needed no second bidding.

They all ran for their lives.

The savages followed for some distance, but finally they discontinued the chase for the time, at the order of the spy in black, as it seemed, to the escaping settlers.

They could not understand this for a few moments, but soon the object became apparent.

When the pursuit ceased our friends quite naturally moderated their pace, and this was precisely what the British spy desired them to do, for a band of savages, who had crept along the river bank unseen, until they reached a point but a short distance from Forty Fort, were making their way across the plain under cover of grain fields, to intercept the fugitives, and had they not moderated their pace they would have passed this advance party before they could have reached them.

This was why the British spy wished them to slacken their pace, and it was for this reason that he had called off his savages. It was a complete surprise to our friends, when a moment later this advance party of savages from the river bank burst out from the shelter of a grain field before them as they did.

CHAPTER III.

A DESPERATE CONFLICT—SAVAGE CUNNING—"NEVER SURRENDER!"

"VERILI, the heathen are upon us!" shouted Quaker Saul, as the savages, with hideous yells, broke from their cover.

Hastily the little band formed themselves into a square, with the two Elliott girls in the center.

"Crack! crack!" sounded the report of two guns as the twin-boy scouts, ever foremost in battle, fired the first shots at the advancing Senecas.

A sharp fight followed, and three of the devoted little band of American patriots bit the dust. But those hardy yeomen of '78 were made of stern stuff, and they battled desperately, advancing as they fought.

The savages had counted upon an easy victory.

They had never witnessed such desperate valor.

The twin-boy scouts loaded and fired with such rapidity and such fatal results, that from that day the savages called them "the two boy death-shots."

Well did they earn this title.

The rattle of musketry and the yells of the savage foe gave the alarm through the valley, and the settlers had rallied in Forty Fort, which was the principal defense in the valley.

As the twin-boy scouts and their friends fought their way toward Forty Fort, the people in the fortification were apprised of their situation by means of a powerful field glass.

Colonel Zebulon Butler, a cousin of the leader of the Indians and Tories, was in command of Forty Fort, and he it was who first saw the desperate situation of the heroic little band of the twin-boy scouts.

As soon as Colonel Butler made known the peril of the boy scouts a score or more men volunteered to sally forth to their assistance.

The gates of the fort were thrown open at once, and the rescue party rushed forth.

The situation of the boy scouts party was at this moment most critical.

Hemmed in upon every side there seemed no escape for them.

But just when everything seemed lost, and the exultant

savages counted upon an immediate victory, the shouts of the relief party from Forty Fort burst upon their ears.

The men from Forty Fort fell upon the savages with great fury, and the red men were scattered in a few moments.

A rapid retreat was then effected, and at last the twin boy scouts reached the shelter of Forty Fort with the two girls, who were the queens of their young hearts.

Everybody within the fort was at work strengthening the fortifications, and none too soon was this done.

Soon the army of tories and their red allies were in sight.

Halting up the valley at a point near the spot where the Wyoming monument now stands, Colonel John Butler, the leader of the Indians and Tories, was arranging his plans, while the patriots within the fort anxiously awaited his further movements.

Finally, four Senacas and a white man were seen to advance carrying a white flag.

"I am a man of peace, you Philistines come with the symbol of my faith, but although bloodshed art not for me. Yea, verily, Colonel Butler, if the heathen ask that we surrender our young men and maidens with ourselves, and the strangers within our gates. Yea, verily say unto them, as did the good man of the scripture, '*Git the up and git ! Yea verily !*'"

Colonel Zebulon Butler smiled at these characteristic remarks of Quaker Saul's.

In a few moments the bearers of the flag of truce came within hailing distance.

"What seek you ?" demanded the American, Butler.

"In the name of His Majesty, King George, I demand the immediate surrender of this fort and every living soul within it !" answered John Butler, the blood-thirsty Tory.

"You have heard the demand of my miserable cousin," said the patriot Butler. "What say you, men, shall we surrender to his band of white and red cut-throats, or fight them to the last ?"

"*Never surrender !*" yelled the two boy scouts, and every man within the stockade echoed the words of the brave, noble-hearted boys.

"Well said, my boys !" said Colonel Butler, smiling upon the patriot twins.

Then advancing to the parapet, the patriot chief made answer to his Tory cousin.

"John Butler, I will never surrender the fort. The Colonial Government has intrusted its defense to me, and I shall defend it until the last man falls. You have my answer. Go !"

"Yea, verily, git !" chimed in Quaker Saul.

"Very well, Zebulon Butler, I will go ; but the consequences be upon your own head. I have with me six hundred fierce Senacas, and when heated by the fight they are demons whom I cannot control. Wyoming is doomed—men, women, children, all, all are doomed."

With this terrible prophecy, the Tory chief returned to his army, attended by his savage escort.

Scarcely had Tory Butler reached his force, when the inmates of the fort were startled by a shriek from Mollie Elliott.

"What is it, Mollie ?" cried Nat, rushing to her side.

"Jennie ! Jennie !" cried the girl, wringing her hands.

"What of her ?"

"What of her ?" cried John Elliott and Harry, the boy scout, both at once.

"She is gone !" answered Mollie.

"Gone !" echoed the three boys, in consternation.

"Yes, she is gone."

"Verily, whither is the maiden gone ?" asked the Quaker.

"There—there ! I saw a savage seize her by the throat, and drag her through the wall of the fort," cried Mollie, pointing to the rear of the stockade.

"Impossible !" cried Nat.

"An Indian in the fort ?" exclaimed John Elliott.

"You must be dreaming," said Harry, but his face had grown pale at the announcement, for Jennie Elliott was the object of the boy's youthful affection.

"Verily, the wind bloweth where it listeth, but the red niggers goeth not jist where *they* listeth; yea, not through log walls do they go with maidens in their arms," said Quaker Saul, bounding toward the spot where Mollie said her sister had vanished.

"Verily, the words of the damsel are fraught with wisdom !" cried Saul, as he reached the spot. "Yea, the young damsel hath spoken truthfully, for here is the hole where the heathen hath gone forth with the yew lamb from the flock. Yea, hath he."

The twin boy scouts with the brother and sister of the missing girl, and many of the people within the stockade gathered around the Quaker, and they saw that an opening had been made in the wall of the stockade large enough to admit the passage of a man. "This must have been made while all of our attention was taken up with the flag of truce," said Nat.

"Yes, the sly devil improved his opportunity well," said Harry.

"But should he run such a desperate risk to secure the poor girl ?" asked Nat, who stood by Mollie's side with her hand clasped in his.

"I think I can explain it all," answered Mollie Elliott, "I believe the British spy, who visited our house and insulted my sister by attempting to force her to allow him to kiss her as I told you, has hired some one of his savage followers to abduct my sister. Oh, God pity her ! what a terrible fate hers may be."

"I'll save her or die with her !" cried Harry, and seizing his gun he was about to leap through the opening in the wall, when Quaker Saul, who had leaped upon the parapet to look over the valley in hopes of catching a glimpse of Jennie's abductor, sprang down and seized the impetuous boy."

"Verily, my son, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Tarry, for lo I have scanned the plain and nought of the damsel can I see. Wait, therefore, and let us take counsel with one another, for in many counselors there is much wisdom. Yea verily !" said the Quaker.

Several men set about repairing the break in the wall, while Quaker Saul and the twin boy scouts, with the brother of the missing girl, consulted as to the best way to proceed to rescue her.

"Verily, until the night cometh naught can be done, for

when ye go forth to surprise the heathen, prefer darkness rather than light," counseled Saul. At that moment the good housewives of the yoemen, who had assembled in the fort, announced that food was ready for all who desired it.

"Yea, bring forth the flesh pots of Egypt, for the inner man longeth for nourishment, and hash strengtheneth the tabernacle of the flesh. Verily, a quart or so of fire-water would not come amiss to thine humble servant, good dames. Strong drink I do abominate, but whisky for my stomach's sake do I imbibe, yea, verily!"

Even as Saul spoke a yell from the front announced some new movement on the part of the foe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MASSACRE—ESTHER, THE FEMALE FIEND.

THE cause of the sudden outburst of yells from the savages was this: A strong party of Mohawks under a famous chief had just arrived to lend his aid to the Tories and Senecas.

The Savages could be seen from the fort plundering and destroying the property of the settlers.

Colonel Butler called a counsel of war.

The opinions of all were freely expressed.

Butler was in favor of holding the post, and he was of the opinion that he could stand a siege until assistance came, but the younger and more impetuous men were in favor of marching out to meet the enemy in the open field.

These brave, but hot-headed young men fancied that they could defeat the foe, relying on the well-known fact that the savages did not fight well unless in the forest.

The twin boy scouts, however, agreed with Colonel Butler, and so did Quaker Saul.

"Verily, my friends, take heed to the words of a man of peace. Go not forth to meet the Philistines. Let them come here where we can smite them sorely from safe shelter," said the Quaker.

The voice of the majority however prevailed against this wise counsel, and Colonel Butler reluctantly gave his consent to the proposed sally.

The drums beat to arms, and the force within the stockade of Forty Fort prepared for the battle.

Although the proposed movement was against the judgment of the twin-boy scouts and the Quaker, they did not shirk the coming fight.

The brave boys and "the man of peace" were among the first to shoulder their arms and take their places in the ranks of the little patriot band.

At last the gate of the stockade was thrown open, and taking an affectionate adieu of their loved ones, the force, numbering about three hundred men and boys, marched forth to the battle.

"Keep up a good heart, Mollie dear," said Nat, for the first time pressing a kiss upon the lips of her whom he loved.

"Good-bye, little sister," said John Elliott, embracing her "we'll soon drive our foes from the valley and secure Jeie."

Harry said but a simple word of farewell to his twin brother's sweetheart, but his stern, resolute expression told

plainly that he had determined to do and dare for the sake of the captive maiden, who was all the world to him.

With flags flying and the drums beating, the brave defenders of fair Wyoming advanced up the beautiful valley by Susquehanna's crystal waters.

Their hearts beat high with courage.

Their arms were nerved for a desperate conflict.

They were fighting for all that men in every land hold most dear—home and country.

The Tory leader meantime had arranged his force to meet the advancing army.

The Tories and Indians lay flat upon the ground, awaiting the Americans' approach.

Steadily forward marched the gallant band.

The advance guard of the Tories were met and driven back.

This success encouraged the most faint-hearted of the settlers.

With cheers they continued to press forward, until a point near the burning Fort Wintermoot was reached.

At this spot the main body of the enemy was encountered.

The Indians and Tories poured in a galling discharge, but the Americans returned it with interest, and the savages wavered and fell back.

"Verily the heathen fleeth from the wrath of the avenger. I am a man of peace, but upon this occasion I say give 'um Hail Columbia. Yea, and Yankee Doodle, too," cried Quaker Saul, who was fighting by the side of the twin boy scouts.

The boys were fighting like young heroes, and when the Senecas fell back they were upon the left of the American column, and with their comrades they charged the savages.

At this moment the Tories concentrated a force of four hundred men on the American right, and despite the valor of the patriots, their lines were broken and the right flank turned.

Now Grengwath, with a reserve force of Senecas, rushed forward from a swamp on the left.

The Americans met the savages hand to hand, fighting desperately, but the right was broken, and there was no hope save in a prompt retreat, and the Indians gained the rear, to prevent this.

Immediately the Americans were thrown into the wildest confusion.

"It's all up, Harry," cried Nat.

"Verily, boys, the Philistines oppress us :" cried Quaker Saul, as he brained an Indian who was leaping at him with uplifted tomahawk.

"Let us make for the fort and save my sister, before it is too late !" cried John Elliott.

"I fear it is too late now," cried Harry.

The Americans were fleeing for their lives toward the river.

The howling savages shot them down as they ran.

The battle became a rout.

The only place of crossing the river was far below, and many failed to reach it.

The twin boy scouts, and John Elliott, with Quaker Saul, fought their way through the savages, and ran toward

Forty Fort, on the way overtaking Colonel Denison and a few followers, who were making for the fort at full speed.

The twin boy scouts and the others reached the fort, but the news of the disaster had already reached the fort, and the women and children, guided by a few aged and infirm men and young boys had fled.

The twin boy scouts rushed after them.

The Quaker accompanied them, but in the confusion John Elliott was separated from them.

They were informed that the fugitives had crossed the river, intending to make their way through the wilderness to the nearest settlement.

The boys and their Quaker friend made for the river.

Meanwhile the most terrible scenes were being enacted in the valley.

The savages massacred every white person who fell into their hands, without regard to age or sex.

The twin boy scouts and Quaker Saul reached the river, when suddenly Saul said :

"Down, down ! for your lives !" For once the Quaker forgot to say "*verili*."

Nat and Harry dropped down into the bushes and willows by the water side.

Saul was already flat upon his face.

Peering through the willows, they saw a band of about forty savages surrounding a party of nineteen whites.

The whites were bound and helpless, and to the horror of the twin boy scouts they saw that among the white prisoners was Jennie Elliott.

The savages had formed a circle around their captives, and while they all yelled and danced about their victims, Esther, a woman chief of the Senecas, with her own hand, began to tomahawk the helpless whites.

It was a horrible scene.

The boy scouts groaned in mental anguish at the thought that they were helpless to aid their friends.

Quaker Saul ground his teeth with impotent rage.

One after another the doomed white captives of Wyoming were massacred by the female demon.

Suddenly, however, two men who had succeeded in freeing their hands, dashed through the circle of their savage foes, and ran for the river.

A party of the Indians pursued them, and as the woman chief was among them, the remaining prisoners, including Jennie Elliott, who had not been tomahawked, were for the time at least respite.

"God grant those two poor fellows may escape," whispered Nat, as he and his companions anxiously watched the flight of the men who had made a desperate dash for liberty.

"Come, I'm going to rescue Jennie, or leave my scalp in the hands of the savages!" cried Harry.

"I'm with you," said his brother.

"Verily, I lacketh not the will to do likewise," the Quaker said.

They were about to rush forward when suddenly a large reinforcement of at least a hundred painted warriors joined the band that surrounded Jennie Elliott and her fellow-captives.

It would now have been suicide to show themselves.

Our friends sank down in the bushes again.

In agony they watched the savages.

Soon Esther and her band returned without the two men they had pursued, and our boy scouts gathered from their conversation that the two Americans had escaped.

"Thank God for that!" said Harry, and Nat and Quaker Saul echoed his words.

"Look, the she-devil is beginning her work of slaughter again. My God, Jennie Elliott's turn to meet death at the hands of that female fury may come at any moment," said Harry, in agony.

It was true. Esther, the Indian Queen, was at work tomahawking the remaining prisoners again.

As each new victim fell the savages set up a renewed chorus of wild whoops and appalling yells.

One after another the poor victims of savage fury fell beneath the bloody hatchet until at last only Jennie Elliott remained.

The woman chief advanced toward the girl with uplifted hatchet.

This was more than Harry could endure, and he would have sprang at the she-devil had not Saul and Nat held him back by main force.

At this moment there was a commotion among the savages, and the man in the black suit—the British spy whom we introduced to the reader in the first chapter—forced himself through the circle of Senecas, and sprang to Jennie's side.

"Back, Esther! This prisoner belongs to me, and you shall not harm her!" cried he.

Scowling and muttering, the Indian female fiend threw down her hatchet in disappointment.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN IN BLACK LEADS JENNIE AWAY—IN THE RIVER—SWIMMING FOR LIFE—ON THE ISLAND—THE SAVAGES IN PURSUIT AGAIN.

IT is a historical fact, that in the terrible massacre of Wyoming, friends of other days, and even near relations fought against each other, for some were Tories, or sympathized with the British, while the others were patriots.

As we have seen, the commanders of the two armies were cousins, and there are many instances where even brothers were arrayed against brothers.

In one instance a brother on the British side slew his own brother, who was a patriot, as we shall see in the course of this historical story.

As the British spy, attired in black, led Jennie Elliott away from Esther's band of Senecas, a powerful warrior arrived upon the scene.

The Senecas rushed to the side of the spy. "We brother," said the savage, "blame not the Running Bear for the danger in which you found the pale-faced girl."

"And why not?" demanded the spy. "Did I not give you much gold to steal both the Elliott girls from the stockade of the whites, and you only stole one. And that one you gave up to Esther to be slain."

"No, no, my white brother wrongs the Running Bear. He tried to steal both the white maidens from the fort, but he could take but one. He did not give that one up to Esther. When he ran with her from

fort he reached a party of our squaws, and left the white squaw with them to be kept safe and unharmed until the white brother called for her. Running Bear then joined the warriors of his people and took many scalps from their enemies. While Running Bear was away Esther took the white squaw from those who guarded her. It was not Running Bear's fault, and he was hastening to save the life of the white squaw when he came here and found that his white brother had already done so.

"Very well," said the spy, in answer to the explanation of the savage. "You are not to blame, as I at first supposed."

Attended by a strong party of Indians, the British spy then hurried away toward the stockade of Forty Fort, which was now in possession of the Tories and their savage allies.

The twin boy scouts consulted with Quaker Saul for a moment.

"Verili, boyees, shall we cross the river, and try to overtake the escaping people with whom we suppose Mollie Elliott to be, or shall we scout after the British spy, and try to lay for a chance to snatch Jennie from his clutches?" said Saul.

"Let us follow the spy, for Jennie is in the greatest peril now," said Harry.

"Yes, Mollie is with friends, while her sister is in the power of an enemy," answered Nat.

"Verili, boyees, we have got to move with exceeding great caution, for if we fall into the clutches of the heathen, if they git a holt of us, we will be wuss off than the children in the fiery furnace. Yea, will we."

Thus admonished the Quaker.

Our three friends were experienced scouts, and they knew how to avoid discovery by an enemy whom they were trailing.

But while they were whispering, and their attention was centered upon the retreating forms of the party of the British spy, an enemy as silent and stealthy as a panther was creeping upon them.

A party of thirty savages had been searching along the river bank, hoping to discover the hiding-place of some poor fugitive, who was awaiting the coming of night, which was now near at hand, to make his escape across the river.

This party of scalp-hunters crept along in profound quiet.

The foremost savages discovered the hiding-place of the twin boy scouts and the Quaker.

Silently they communicated their discovery to their brother warriors.

The boy scouts and their companions were just about to begin the work of trailing the party of the spy, when, with a wild blood-curdling whoop, the Senacas rushed upon them.

There was only one chance for our friends, and that was the river.

If they could reach the Susquehanna, they might swim to a large island in the center of the majestic river of Pennsylvania.

Although they were upon the bank of the river, several yards of space intervened between them and the water, and

this distance was covered with a dense growth of bushes, reaching down into the water itself.

The instant the proximity of the savages became known the three whites ran for the river.

Through the bushes they dashed.

The bullets of the Senacas hummed around them.

The savages leaped after them.

Notwithstanding the rapid and immediate pursuit the boys and the Quaker reached the river and plunged into the water, which, as it chanced, was at that point very deep.

"Now for the island!" cried Harry, striking out for the large, flat strip of land covered with trees and rank vegetation of a lesser growth, which, as we mentioned, lay in the center of the stream.

"Verili, we are with you," said Saul.

"Let us keep together if possible. The current is strong and we must swim manfully or we shall be carried *below* the island," said Nat.

The boy scouts and Saul swam with all their might, and they heard the savages plunge into the river with savage yells.

For a little way the Senacas swam after our friends, but not far.

Suddenly they *seemed* to abandon the pursuit.

The savages returned to the bank of the river, and, with many yells, they ran off up the stream.

"Verily, I like not that move on the part of the reds. Their yells were not those of disappointment, and I fear me the heathen have not given us up for lost yet," said Saul.

The escaping ones swam onward.

The island was gained at its lower extremity. The current almost carried our friends beyond it.

The shades of night were closing down upon that dreadful day which will never be forgotten by Americans. The horrible massacre of Wyoming was over, but that night around their camp-fires the savages and Tories counted *two hundred and twenty-seven* American scalps, which dangled at their waists.

Only five prisoners remained alive!

The Twin Boy Scouts crept up the bank of the island with Quaker Saul, and sank down to rest in the under-growth.

They were exhausted with the long struggles against the swift current of the river which they had sustained.

"As soon as darkness descendeth we will cross the river again if you are willing, for I have not yet abandoned the hope of rescuing Jennie Elliott," said Harry.

"Verily, into the land of Baal will I return with thee, that we may pluck the damsel from the hands of the heathen, even as a brand plucked from the burning—yea, that will I."

"Poor girl, she is an orphan now. The mother of the Elliott girls died years ago, friend Saul," said Nat.

"Verily, I know whereof you tell me, and I have heard that the relatives of the Elliott girls *upon their mother's side* are all rabid Tories," answered Saul.

"You have been correctly informed," said Harry.

"Yes," said Nat. "And Mollie has told me that her mother's family were very angry when she married Joseph

Elliott, and from that time they cast her off, never having anything to do with her in any way."

"Just because Joseph Elliott was a patriot and loved his country," put in Harry.

"Verily, it is a sin and a shame. The flesh, however, art weak, and doth oftentimes err, and in sundry ways raise the evil one. Yea, frequent," commented Saul.

"You are acquainted with old Toby,* the Indian-killer, are you not, Saul?" suddenly asked Harry, after a long silence had fallen upon the three friends.

"Yea, that am I. I am a man of peace, but I have now and again sought shelter within the tent of the man of blood, verily, have I!"

"Cave, you should say," said Harry, "for you know that old Toby lives in a cave about two miles down the river."

"Yea, it is so. I did but use the word *tent* as a figure of speech," assented Saul.

"I have been thinking," said Harry, "that in the care of old Toby, we should find security from the savages."

"Verili, your idea is a good one. I'll tell thee boyees, if we get the girl out of the hands of the reds, we'll make a run for Toby's cave, and hide there with the old Indian killer until our enemies leave the valley. Yea, that we will."

"The plan pleases me," said Nat.

"The entrance to Toby's cave is hidden, and only one acquainted with the secret can find the way into it. I have heard that old Toby used to sit at the mouth of his cave and pick off the Indians as they floated down the river in their birch canoes," said Harry.

"Verili, that is gospel as true as any text in the one-eyed chapter o' the two-eyed John," said Saul. "Yea, boyees, old Toby hath in that way slain many o' the heathen, for the Philistines massacred his hull family an' accordin' to the scripture which I do expound, and which saith, an eye for a tooth and a tooth for an eye, Toby goes in for killin'. Yea, verili, doth Tobe."

"Then it is understood that if Heaven grants us our wish, and we rescue Jennie Elliott, we are to make straight for the cave of old Toby, the Indian-killer," said Harry.

"Yes," answered Nat.

"Yea, verili; that is according to the text, yea, it are," assented Saul.

"Hark, I hear the sound of paddles," at this moment said Nat.

They listened acutely.

Distinctly they heard the sound which Nat had first detected, and to their surprise they saw through the gathering gloom two large canoes, filled with Indians, floating down toward the island.

"Verili, I suspected as much when the red heathen gave up swimming after us. They are after us, surely, but thanks to the darkness, we may give them the slip."

A moment later the canoes reached the island, and the first man to leap upon it was a white man, a Tory, who seemed to be the leader of the band.

CHAPTER VI.

AN AWFUL DEED—ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND—THE MAN IN BLACK BIDS FOR A PRISONER'S LIFE.

"A WHITE renegade, but we have never seen him before. have we?" whispered Harry, as the Tory leader gained the island.

"No, I never did," answered Nat.

"Verili, he is a stranger unto me, and I am a man of peace, but at the same time I'd like to make his acquaintance through the medium of a lead bullet injected inter his system. Yea, white heathen do I abominate," said Saul, fingering his gun in a nervous way.

The boys smiled.

The savages from the two canoes now all came ashore, and drawing their canoes up upon the sand, they divided into numerous parties of twos and threes, and proceeded to beat the bush upon the island.

"They are searching for us," said Harry.

"True," assented Nat.

"Verili, if we could steal around and set the canoes of the heathen adrift, we would be working a good and exceeding great dodge on them," said Saul.

"Can we not do so?" asked Harry.

"We certainly can try," rejoined Nat.

"Verily, boyees, we will make the attempt," said Saul.

"Mercy! Mercy!" at this moment shrieked the voice of a white man near at hand.

"Heavens! what does this mean?" whispered Nat.

"Look, the Indians have found a white man who, like ourselves, had swam over to the island to hide from the savages," said Harry.

"Yes, and I recognize the poor fellow," whispered Nat, as they all peered through the bushes and saw the savages draw a white man down to the beach; "he is James Peusil," said Saul.

"And an honest, industrious man," commented Harry.

"See, they drag him before the white man," said Nat.

"Perhaps he will save him," replied his brother.

"Verili, Tories are worse than Indians," said Saul.

* The murder of James Peusil by his brother is a fact.

* It was an exciting and a dreadful scene which the Twin Boy Scouts and the Quaker now witnessed.

When the white captive's eyes fell upon the face of the Tory, before whom the savages had dragged him, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and holding out his hands imploringly he cried: "Henry, my brother, save me! save me!"

"You are my brother," answered the Tory, coldly. "That is, *by blood you are*, but I know you not, you cursed rebel, you traitor to your king!"

"Oh, brother, brother, you will save me!" shrieked the patriot Peusil, falling upon his knees at the feet of his unnatural brother.

"No—no! Curse you, you shall die!" answered Henry.

"For God's sake, Henry, spare me. By the memory of the mother who bore us both, commit not this crime," implored the captive.

"You are a traitor; you have forfeited your life," rejoined Henry.

"But would you murder me in cold blood? Would you become a parricide?"

* Toby's cave yet remains, and the tourist can visit it at any time. It is on the bank of the river near Kingston, Pa.

"Yes!" The Tory drew a blood-stained tomahawk from his belt as he spoke.

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" shrieked the patriot Peusil, struggling desperately with the two savages who held him.

"Verili, I'll try a shot at that Tory demon if my beautiful scalp dangles at the belt of one of the red heathen a minit after," said Saul.

The Quaker drew his rifle to his shoulder and covered the Tory.

An instant and he pulled the trigger.

The trigger fell, there was no report, and the weapon was not discharged.

Saul had forgotten that the priming had been soaked in the water of the river during his struggle to reach the island.

At the moment when the Quaker pulled the trigger of his gun the Tory leader swung his tomahawk over the head of his brother.

With a dull, sickening thud the weapon fell, cleaving the skull of the doomed man and killing him instantly.

Even the Indians were shocked at this unnatural crime.

"Ugh! Ugh! White man very bad," grunted a chief.

"Verili, the white devil shames the Reds," muttered Saul. "Yea, he putteth the blush upon them, but he can thank good wet water that he ain't a fightin' fire and brimstone at this moment."

"The savages are coming this way," said Harry.

"Let's scout around to the other side of the island and get to the canoes," advised Nat.

"Verili, it standeth us well in hand to git," said Saul.

They slid down into the water, and as the savages continued searching the island, our friends sank beneath the surface, and, swimming under water, they reached the canoes.

Quaker Saul seized one and swam with it well out into the current between the island and the main land from whence they had come.

The two Boy Scouts dragged the other out into the current in the same direction, and in a few moments both the Indian canoes were rapidly drifting down the swift waters of the Susquehanna in the direction of what is now "Nanticoke."

It was some time before the Senecas on the island discovered the loss of their boats.

At last, however, their yells of rage told the twin boy scouts that they had learned that the canoes were gone.

The boys and the Quaker were by this time near the shore from whence they had fled at the appearance of the band who had surprised them.

"Let them yell until they git hoarse, yea, verily, let them wail and gnash their teeth until they get tired," said Saul, chuckling with great satisfaction.

Reaching the bank at a point a little south of the place where they had been secreted when they were surprised, our friends boldly advanced through the fringe of bushes along the shore.

The camp-fires of the Indians and Tories dotted the plain.

For a few moments the boy scouts and their Quaker friend remained gazing over the valley.

At which of those camp-fires would they find the captive maiden whom they sought?

The boys asked themselves this question, but they could not answer it.

"We must trust to luck," said Harry.

"True, and we may wander scouting about the different camp-fires all night without finding the one we seek," said Nat, who was at that moment a little despondent.

"Verily we will hope for good fortune. He that looketh shall see, yea, and he that seeketh shall find," said Saul.

"Let us visit the neighborhood of the fort first. There are a number of camp-fires thereabouts, clustered well together," said Harry.

Nat and Saul assented.

They crept forward, and they were soon so near the first camp-fire that they assured themselves that Jennie Elliott was not there.

From this fire to the next and so on until they had visited six of the camps of the enemy the boys continued, but the search was fruitless.

No trace of the missing girl did they find.

"Can it be that the British spy has left the valley, carrying Jennie with him?" said Harry.

"I do not think so, brother," was Nat's reply.

"No, verily, he would not leave so suddenly, for if he did he would have to go alone," said Saul.

"Yes, the spy could not so soon tear his savages away from the scene of victory," assented Nat.

They were now approaching the seventh camp, under cover of a rail fence.

The night was a pleasant one, but it was dark enough for the purpose of the Boy Scouts.

As they arrived so near the Indian camp that they could distinguish objects plainly about the fire, Saul suddenly whispered:

"Boyees, there's a white prisoner there!"

"Where?" asked Nat, who had seen no white person among the savages.

"There, to the left of the fire," answered Harry, who had caught sight of the white prisoner at the moment Saul announced his discovery.

"I see; but that is not Jennie," said Nat.

"No, it is a white man," answered his brother.

"A boy, rather," said Saul.

"So it is."

"Can you distinguish his face face?" said Harry.

"No," answered Saul.

At this moment the fire blazed up brightly, fresh fuel having been thrown upon it.

The three watchers started, for now they saw the face of the white prisoner plainly.

He was bound to a stake, they also discovered.

"Good Heavens!" whispered Harry. "The white prisoner is John Elliott!"

"So it is," said Saul.

"And the savages are heaping dry brush about the stake to which he is bound," said Nat.

"Verily, knoweth thou what that means?" asked Saul.

"They are about to burn him at the stake," was Nat's reply.

"Yea, that is the intention of the heathen."

"Heavens, what an awful fate," whispered Harry, with a shudder.

There could be no doubt that John Elliott was about to undergo the awful doom of torture at the stake.

Higher and higher the savages piled the dry brush about their victim whose pale face, his friends could see, wore an expression of inexpressible horror and despair.

The twin boy scouts and their Quaker friend could not save him, and this thought was maddening.

Soon all was in readiness, and a hideously painted red warrior seized a burning brand from the camp-fire, and was just about to fire the heap of brush about the doomed boy when the man in black—the British spy—rushed forward from the darkness, and pushed the savage back.

"Hold! Grengwatoch, I want to *buy* your prisoner," he cried. "I will give you twenty English pounds for him. What say you?" and the spy jingled a purse well filled with gold before the eyes of his red ally.

CHAPTER VII.

MYSTERIOUS CONDUCT OF THE MAN IN BLACK—THE BOY SCOUTS FIND WHERE JENNIE ELLIOTT IS HELD A CAPTIVE.

"WHAT say the warriors? The gold of my white brother will buy many blankets and much fire-water," said Grengwatoch, who was evidently inclined to accept the spy's proposition.

"Sell white boy," assented several of the savages.

"Are *all* my red brothers willing that I should do so?" questioned the chief again.

"Yes! Yes!" assented the savages as with one voice.

"It shall be as you wish, my white brother. Give me the gold, and the pale-face boy is yours," said Grengwatoch.

The British spy was about to give the chief the promised gold, when an old savage, from whose belt dangled the scalps of white women and children, hastily strode into the circle.

"Big Blood caught the white boy," said he.

"It is true," answered Grengwatoch.

"Then is it not for him to decide what shall be done with him?"

"It is, but did you not give your consent to his sale?"

"No," answered Big Blood. "And I say he shall not be sold. Let him be burnt, and let the warriors dance about him and rejoice. Let the white brother keep his gold. Big Blood will not sell the pale-face."

"It must be as he says, according to the laws of my people," said Grengwatoch to the British spy, and thus speaking, he turned away as though the matter were decided beyond further controversy.

"See here, Big Blood," said the British spy; "I'll make the price of the white boy twenty-five English pounds, instead of twenty. What say you?"

"No!" answered the old savage, laconically.

The spy bit his lips with vexation.

"Say thirty pounds!" he said.

"No!"

"Then forty!"

"Still no!"

"Will you sell the prisoner at *any* price?"

"No!"

The spy was silent for a moment, and the old savage picked up the fire-brand which Grengwatoch had dropped.

In a moment he would have applied it to the heap of excessively combustible matter piled about John Elliott.

But at this critical time the British spy suddenly thought himself of the well known passion which the Indians have for gambling, and which he knew in Big Blood's case to be an irresistible mania.

"Stop a moment, Big Blood. I'll give you a chance to gain forty pounds and still burn your prisoner," said the spy.

"How?" demanded the savage, pausing in the very act of firing the brush pile about the prisoner.

"I'll gamble you for the boy. If you beat me the forty pounds and the boy are *both* yours. If I win the boy is mine."

"How gamble?" asked the savage.

"As you like. Any game I know," was the spy's answer.

"Know dice game?"

The spy purposely seemed to hesitate for a moment.

From this clever piece of acting the savage was led to think that the white man doubted his skill in the game.

"Dice, did you say?" finally asked the spy.

"Yes, dice. I play you dice for boy. Big Blood play no other game," answered the Indian.

With great seeming reluctance, and after muttering something about cards, as though he would have preferred them, the spy finally said:

"Well, dice let it be."

Immediately the dice cup was produced, and in less than ten minutes the spy had *won the boy*.

Big Blood hung his head, but he cut the thongs which secured the young prisoner to the stake, and surrendered him to the spy.

The twin boy scouts and Quaker Saul had watched these proceedings in almost breathless interest.

When the spy won, and the boy was released, the three unsuspected spectators could scarcely restrain from giving a shout of joy.

"Verili," said Saul, "this passeth my comprehension. I kin understand why the spy saved the life of the damsel called Jennie from the tomahawk of Esther—the she devil—for I take it the spy is smitten with the beauty of the maiden, and would possess her. But why he saves the boy beats me. Yea, verily, it doth."

"I cannot understand the spy's conduct either, unless he was prompted by feelings of common humanity," said Nat.

"That was not the reason why he saved Jehn, I am sure, for a man who can spy and plot as he has done, would not feel much worried at the death of a boy. Remember, we heard him *before* the battle promise the savages the scalps of the whites. Take my word for it, the spy has some deep motive in saving the boy, of which we do not dream," answered Harry, earnestly.

"Verili, I with the youth agree. Yea, I think we shall peradventure sometime find out that he hath hit the nail on the head kerslap. I shouldn't wonder if there was some

mystery about this man in the black suit which we wot not of," said Saul.

"Anyhow I feel better toward him than I ever thought I could since he's saved John Elliott," said Nat.

"He deserves credit for that," said Harry.

As soon as John Elliott was released, the British spy led him away.

No escort went with him.

Toward the fort the spy led the boy whose life he had saved.

The boy scouts and Saul silently followed.

"Now is his chance. Why in the world don't John knock the spy over and cut for it? Ten to one he'd get away in the darkness," said Nat.

"I don't understand it. The spy has let go his hold of John now, and yet the boy walks along by his side, as though he had no desire to run," said Harry.

"Yea, verily; and they seem to converse together earnestly," said Saul.

Into the half consumed fort the spy led John Elliott.

The boy scouts crept up and peered into the ruined stockade.

A bright fire burned there, and a company of Tories were eating and drinking around it.

At the door of a small tent sat Jennie Elliott.

At last the boy scouts had found the object of their search.

As the boys looked into the stockade, the British spy and his captive entered it.

At sight of her brother, Jennie Elliott sprang forward and threw herself into his arms.

Then she took the spy's hand and pressed it warmly.

The spy bent forward, and the boy scouts saw him press a kiss upon the fair brow of the white girl.

"My God! What can this mean?" exclaimed Harry, as he noticed that Jennie Elliott did not seem displeased at the caress.

"Heavens, can it be that Jennie has yielded to the white renegade? It would seem so," then the excited and frantic boy-lover whispered to his companions who were almost as surprised at what they saw as he was.

The British spy seated himself beside the reunited brother and sister, and the concealed watchers saw him draw a locket from his pocket, open it and exhibit its contents to the white boy and his sister.

Then, for a long time the spy conversed with them earnestly.

"Verily the man in black grows more and more mysterious," said Saul.

"He does, indeed," assented Nat.

"He seems to be telling them a long story," said Harry.

"And both Jennie and her brother appear to be deeply interested, too," said Nat.

It was as the boys said, whatever communication the man in black made to the Elliots it was certain that they were very much interested in it.

"I wonder what he's telling them?"

"I'd like to know myself."

These were Nat and Harry's next remarks, but they could not even conjecture.

It was very late when the twin boy scouts saw Jennie re-

tire into the tent while John Elliott and the spy lay down near the door.

The tories around the campfire had a jug of whisky, and they did not seek sleep until they had drained the last drop from the vessel, and then half-intoxicated they one after another sank down about the camp-fire.

There was no fear of a surprise, and no sentinels were posted about the camp.

When all was silent the boy scouts crept forward.

Through the half-consumed logs of the stockade they crawled, closely followed by Quaker Saul.

Cautiously they picked their way among the bodies of the intoxicated Tories.

The tent in which Jennie had retired was on the further side of the stockade, and the boys were obliged to pass across the entire length of the fort to reach it.

Accidentally Quaker Saul stepped upon the hand of one of the Tories.

With a muttered oath the man sat up, and glanced stupidly about him.

The instant he stirred Saul and the boys threw themselves flat upon the ground.

In suspense they lay silent for some moments, for were they discovered now, they well knew that their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHO THE MAN IN BLACK WAS—ESCAPE AT LAST AND ALL IS WELL.

THE half-intoxicated Tory did not detect the presence of the Twin Boy Scouts and the patient Quaker.

In a moment or so he threw himself down upon the ground again, and his sonorous snores soon proclaimed that he had rapidly made the transit to the land of Morpheus.

It was a fortunate thing for the Tory that he did not discover our friends, for Quaker Saul had his knife ready, and had the Tory given the first evidence of a knowledge of the fact that the patriots were in the camp, Saul would have leaped upon him and silenced him forever.

The boys and their Quaker friend remained for a few moments perfectly silent.

As there was no further manifestation of awaking among the Tory band, they crept forward again.

Soon the door of the tent was reached, and without awakening either John Elliott or the British spy, our three friends entered.

Harry was about to awaken Jennie, when the girl, who was reclining upon a couch, suddenly opened her eyes and started to her feet.

Before the startled girl could utter a sound, Harry said in a thrilling whisper:

"For your life, speak not! We are here to rescue you!"

"Is it indeed you?" whispered Jennie, joyfully, as Harry clasped her in his arms.

"Yes, yes, it is I; but we have not a moment to delay. Discovery threatens us. Can you arouse John without disturbing the Tory—the man in black—who is sleeping near him?"

"I will try," answered Jennie.

She glided from the tent, and kneeling beside her brother, she whispered:

"John! John!"

The youth did not heed her.

With great anxiety the Twin Boy Scouts watched her from the door of the tent.

"John! John!" again whispered Jennie in her brother's ear.

This time the boy turned upon his side and opened his eyes.

At sight of his sister he started up and exclaimed: "Jennie!"

John Elliott spoke loudly.

Instantly the British spy sprang to his feet, and at the same instant the Twin Boy Scouts and Saul dodged back out of sight within the tent.

"What is the matter? Has anything occurred to alarm you?" asked the spy.

"No, but I had such a frightful dream that I became alarmed when I awoke and found myself alone, and I was about to ask my brother to come into the tent and sleep there for the rest of the night," Jennie answered, with ready wit.

"Do so, by all means, John," said the spy, in such a kindly voice that the listener within the tent wondered at it.

"All right, little sister, I will stay in the tent with you until morning," said John Elliott.

A moment later the captive brother and sister entered the tent while the British spy resumed his reclining position.

As John Elliott's eyes fell upon the boy scouts and the Quaker, he was about to utter an exclamation of surprise, but before he could do so Saul clapped his huge hand over the lad's mouth, and hissed in his ear, "Not a word; silence, or we are lost."

Instantly the youth comprehended the situation, and he spoke not.

"We must wait until the spy falls asleep again, and then we will cut the rear side of the tent, and steal away to the cave of old Toby, the Indian killer," said Nat.

In silence, not even venturing to whisper, they remained until the regular breathing of the spy assured them that he slept again.

When they were confident of this, Harry drew his hunting knife, and as noiselessly as he could, made an opening in the back of the tent.

Through this aperture they all crept.

The wall of the stockade was near the rear of the tent; but as this side of the fort was almost intact, the escaping ones were obliged to skirt around it for several yards before they came to a breach through which they could pass out of the inclosure.

During all this time they were in the most imminent danger of discovery.

Fortune, however, seemed to favor our friends this time, and they passed out of the stockade unheeded by their foes.

Once outside, they hurried away in the direction of Toby's cave as fast as they could.

They had proceeded for some little distance and had

gained the shelter of a clump of bushes and small trees, when Saul suddenly said:

"There is some one following us. Listen!"

The party came to a halt.

Distinctly they all heard the sound of hurrying footstep coming after them.

"There is but one man on our trail. Crouch down in the bushes, and verily I will smite him when he comes up so that he will follow us no further. Yea, that will I," said Saul.

His companions obeyed.

Silently they awaited the appearance of the foe who was trailing them.

Saul was ready to leap upon him, and strangle him, the moment he entered the thicket.

At this moment the moon came out from under the clouds that had obscured it throughout the earlier part of the night, and the mellow light of the nocturnal luminary rendered objects quite distinct to the view.

Now the foe who was following our friends entered the thicket in which they were hidden, and, with the leap of a panther, Saul sprang at his throat.

The foe was the *Man in Black*—the British spy.

At sight of him Jennie Elliott sprang forward with an exclamation of surprise.

Saul had flung the spy upon the ground, and the powerful hands of the Quaker clutched his throat.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the girl. "You must not harm him. Grant me his life, and I know he will permit us to depart in peace, for he wishes both my brother and myself well."

Saul relaxed his grasp upon the spy's throat.

"The girl is right. Release me, and I will not give the alarm," said the spy, earnestly.

"Verily, if you do, I'll be your certain destruction, yea, your total windin' up," said Saul, permitting the spy to regain his feet.

"Strangers," said the spy, when he had regained his breath, "I have proven to the children of Joseph Elliott that I am their secret friend, and they know who I am, and why I am their friend, but you do not. A word of explanation will, I trust, make everything clear to you all."

"The mother of the Elliott children was my only sister, and I was always very fond of her, but when she married Joseph Elliott, the rebel, the traitor——"

"Hold on there. Draw it mild, if you want to keep a whole skin on yer body," interrupted Nat.

"As I was about to say, when my sister married Elliott our family cast her off, for we were loyal to our king. And for years I never saw her, but when I came into the valley of Wyoming as a spy for Colonel John Butler, and as commander of a picked party of sixty Indians of my own choosing, I learned that my sister had died, leaving three children. I visited Elliott's house in his absence, and saw his two daughters—the children of my once loved sister—and Jennie bore so striking a resemblance to the sister I had loved, that I could not resist the temptation to kiss her for the sake of her whom I now feel I have wronged."

"From the moment when I first saw my sister's children, I determined to save them from the fate which I foresaw awaited the settlers of Wyoming. It was not my band of

Indians who slew Joseph Elliott, and when you all thought that I was urging them to attack the cabin, I was in truth trying to prevent them doing so.

"I hired the Indian to steal both of my dead sister's daughters from the fort, that they might be saved from the massacre, but he only succeeded in abducting Jennie, as you know. I saved Jennie from Esther, the female savage; I saved John from a horrible death at the stake, and it was my intention to conduct them to a safe and pleasant home in Canada, where they would be safe from every peril, until our king quells the present rebellion. But if they choose to go with you, I am willing that they should do so.

"I hate the rebels of Wyoming, and I am glad we have exterminated the nest of traitors. Had the Elliott children not been my sister's orphans they should have perished with the rest."

With these words the spy turned quickly and retraced his way toward the Tory camp.

"Verily, if that man wan't your mother's brother I'd

[THE END.]

Useful and Instructive Books.

HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also, tricks with cards, incantations, etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO DANCE is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all the popular square dances. The price is 10 cents, for sale by newsdealers, or sent from this office on receipt of price, postage free. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book. It is for sale by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents, or sent from this office on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Only 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO FLIRT.—Just out. The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window, and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO DO IT.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Frank Tousey publishes a book that tells you all about it. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both the young and old. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BEHAVE, containing the rules and etiquette of good society, and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing-room. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

put a bullet through him mighty sudden. Yea, verily would I," said Saul.

"He is a bloodthirsty wretch, and his only redeeming characteristic is his love for his sister," said Nat.

Our friends hurried forward after the departure of the Tory, and they reached the cave of old Toby, the Indian killer, in safety.

Here they remained for several days, and then the old killer guided them across the mountains to the nearest American settlement, where they found Mollie Elliott alive and well. When General Sullivan, of the Continental army, drove the Tories and Indians from the Wyoming valley, as he soon did, following them even into Canada, and destroying all their villages on the way, the Twin Boy Scouts and Quaker Saul accompanied him.

When peace was declared, our friends all returned to their old home by the Susquehanna, and the Twin Boy Scouts and the two Elliott girls were in the course of time united in holy matrimony. Their descendants still dwell in the beautiful Wyoming valley.

HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars, and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oracleum," the book of fate. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents, or we will send it to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instructions of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or we will send it to your address on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets. Also giving full instructions for making cages, nests, etc. Fully explained by 28 handsome illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

How To Do Electrical Tricks.

Containing a Large Collection of Instructive and Highly Amusing Electrical Tricks, Together With Illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 Cents.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.

Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY:

- 1063 Backbone Rob, the Boy of Pluck; or Making His Own Way Through the World..... by C. Little
1064 The Specter of the Pueblo; or, the Phantom Hand..... by Paul Braddon
1065 Dandy Dan of Deadwood in Danger..... by "Noname"
1066 Pawnee Bill's Gold Hunt; or, The Lost Treasure Train..... by Paul Braddon
1067 Icebound; or, Among the Floes..... by Berton Bertrew
1068 Stowaway Sam; or, A Cruise to the Sea of Doom..... by Roger Starbuck
1069 Johnny Brown & Co. at School; or, The Deacon's Boy at His Old Tricks—comic..... by Peter Pad
1070 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Greyhound of the Air; or, The Search For the Mountain of Gold..... by "Noname"
1071 Dandy Dan of Deadwood, and His Deal With Death..... by "Noname"
1072 Go-Ahead Harry, the Boy Who Got There; or, Where There's a Will, There's a Way..... by C. Little
1073 Old Sixty-Nine; or, The Prince of Engineers..... by Howard De Vere
1074 The Boy Mate; or, Cast Away With Convicts..... by Roger Starbuck
1075 Jim, Jack and Jim; or, Three Hard Nuts to Crack—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1076 Colorado Carl; or, The King of the Saddle..... by J. G. Bradley
1077 Dandy Dan of Deadwood and His Big Bonanza..... by "Noname"
1078 The Lost Diamond Ship; or, A Search for an Unknown Lake..... by Roger Starbuck
1079 Benny Bounce; or, A Block of the Old Chip—comic..... by Peter Pad
1080 Nozzle Ned, the Boy Fireman of Madison..... by Robert Lennox
1081 The Two Boy Cattle Kings; or, An Indian Mail Carrier's Oath..... by Paul Braddon
1082 Nimble Nick, the Boy of Nerve; or Fighting His Own Battles..... by C. Little
1083 From Pole to Pole; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Submarine Voyage..... by "Noname"
1084 The Two Boy Clowns; or, A Summer With a Circus—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1085 The Mark of Mystery; or, Saved by a Carrier Pigeon..... by Paul Braddon
1086 Steadfast Sid, the Boy Who Never Surrendered; or, Standing Up for a Square Deal..... by C. Little
1087 Dick Daring, the Boy Unknown; or, The Trail of the Death Decoy..... by R. T. Emmet
1088 The Magic Island; or, The Strange Cruise of the Black Frigate..... by Roger Starbuck
1089 Dandy Dan of Deadwood and His Great Divide..... by "Noname"
1090 Young Dick Plunket; or, The Trials and Tribulations of Ebenezer Crow—comic..... by Sam Smiley
1091 Old Oak Burrell, the Journalist Detective..... by Paul Braddon
1092 Among the Amazons. A Thrilling Story of the Interior of Africa..... by R. T. Emmet
1093 Afloat in a Tiger's Den; or, The Wreck of the Menagerie Ship..... by Roger Starbuck
1094 Newsboy Ned; or, From the Pavement to a Palace..... by C. Little
1095 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Coach; or, The Search for the Isle of Diamonds. Part I..... by "Noname"
1096 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Coach; or, The Search for the Isle of Diamonds. Part II..... by "Noname"
1097 Rob Ready, the Life Saver; or, The Pirate Wreckers of the Bahamas..... by Roger Starbuck
1098 Captain Tom Seymour, the Game Cock of the Coast..... by Ralph Morton
1099 Dandy Dan of Deadwood Betrayed; or, The Vultures of Montana..... by "Noname"
1100 The Black Fiend of the Red Sea; or, The Lost Girl of the Coral Cave..... by Roger Starbuck
1101 Muldoon's Hotel. Part I.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1102 Muldoon's Hotel. Part II.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1103 Dandy Dan of Deadwood in Texas; or, The Silver Moon Mystery..... by "Noname"
1104 Fergus of the Flail; or, Fighting For Land and Life..... by Corporal Morgan Rattler
1105 Pawnee Bill's Boys; or, The Young Boomers of Oklahoma..... by Paul Braddon
1106 The Boy Scout..... by N. S. Wood
1107 Muldoon in Ireland; or, The Solid Man on the Old Sod..... by Tom Teaser
1108 Frank Reade, Jr., With His Air-Ship in Asia; or, A Flight Across the Steppes..... by "Noname"
1109 On Board a Slave Ship; or, Kidnapped For a Strange Voyage..... by J. G. Bradley
1110 The Weird House of White Cliff..... by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg
1111 Buffalo Bill, Jr., and His Band of Dead Shots..... by Allyn Draper
1112 The Ship of Silence; or, The Terrible League of the Black Sword..... by Roger Starbuck
1113 Fred Frost, the Young Arctic Explorer; or, Bound to Reach the North Pole..... by Albert J. Booth
1114 Bootblack Bob; or, From Rags to Broad-cloth..... by C. Little
1115 Afloat in a Cannibal Ship; or, The Fated War-Sloop of the Ladrones..... by Roger Starbuck
1116 The Boy Firemen; or, Stand by the Machine..... by Howard De Vere
1117 The Young Diamond Seekers; or, Roughing it in the Carolina Mountains..... by R. T. Emmet
1118 The Young Rip Van Winkle..... by Allan Arnold
1119 The Lost Gold Raft; or, A Perilous Cruise For a Floating Treasure..... by Roger Starbuck
1120 Sharp, Swift and Spry; or, Three Jolly Peddlers—comic..... by Sam Smiley
1121 The 'Forty-Niners; or, The Pioneer's Daughter..... by T. W. Hanshew
1122 Dick Deadline, the Young Revenue Captain; or, The Pirate of the Gun-Brig..... by Roger Starbuck
1123 Young King Crusoe; or, The Treasure Trove of Falcon Key..... by C. Little
1124 Hook and Ladder No. 2..... by Howard De Vere
1125 Sam Sureshot, the Skeleton Marine; or, The Lost Frigate of the Demon Isles..... by Roger Starbuck
1126 Billy Button, the Young Clown and Bareback Rider. A Story of the Circus..... by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg
1127 The Orphans of New York. A Pathetic Story of a Great City..... by N. S. Wood
1128 Young Capt. Perry, the Hero of 1812. An Exciting Privateer Yarn..... by George G. Small
1129 Among the Fire-Worshipers; or, Two New York Boys in Mexico..... by Berton Bertrew
1130 The Actor's Son. A Story of Trials and Triumphs On and Off the Stage..... by Gus Williams
1131 The Ocean Wolf. A Story of Privateering in 1812..... by George G. Small
1132 The Witch's Secret; or, The Hidden Crime..... by T. W. Hanshew
1133 Bound Boy Ben; or, Sold Into Slavery..... by C. Little
1134 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part I..... by "Noname"
1135 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Ice Boat; or, Lost in the Land of Crimson Snow. Part II..... by "Noname"
1136 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part I..... by "Noname"
1137 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Electric Cyclone; or, Thrilling Adventures in No Man's Land. Part II..... by "Noname"
1138 Green Mountain Joe, the Old Trapper of Malbro Pond..... by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg
1139 Red Light Dick, the Engineer Prince..... by Albert J. Booth
1140 Adrift in the Tree-Tops..... by Allyn Draper
1141 Lost in Labrador; or, The Search for the Frozen Pirate..... by C. Little
1142 The Mysterious Man of the Mountain. A Story of the Hudson River..... by P. T. Raymond
1143 In the Sea of Ice..... by Albert J. Booth
1144 The Young Deserters; or, The Mystery of Ramsey's Island..... by Berton Bertrew
1145 "Special" Bob; or, The Pride of the Road..... by Albert J. Booth
1146 Adrift in a Haunted Lake; or, The Mystery of a Lost War Ship..... by Roger Starbuck
1147 The Arkansas Scout..... by Paul Braddon
1148 The Wolf Boys of Michigan..... by Jas. D. Montague
1149 The Boy Nihilist; or, Young America in Russia..... by Captain Geo. Granville, (U.S. A.)
1150 Daniel Boone's Best Shot; or, The Perils of the Kentucky Pioneers..... by John Sherman
1151 The Parson's Boy; or, The Innocent One of the Family—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1152 The Game Cock of Deadwood. A Story of the Wild Northwest..... by Geo. G. Small
1153 Randy Rollins, the Young Fireman. A Story of Heroic Deeds..... by Robert Lennox
1154 Little Buffalo Bill; or, The Boy Scout of the Rio Del Norte..... by Lieut. E. H. Kellogg
1155 The Lost Island. A Romance of a Forgotten World..... by C. Little
1156 The Silent Band..... by "Noname"
1157 Kit Carson's Little Scout; or, The Renegade's Doom..... by Gaston Garne
1158 Hook and Ladder Jack, the Daring Young Fireman..... by Robert Lennox
1159 The Men in Green..... by "Noname"
1160 Yellowstone Kelly..... by Robert Maynard
1161 Captain Jack Tempest, the Prince of the Sea..... by J. G. Bradley
1162 A Poor Boy's Fight; or, The Hero of the School..... by George G. Small
1163 Boarding School Scapes; or, The Rackets of a Young Ventriloquist. Part I.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1164 Boarding School Scapes; or, The Rackets of a Young Ventriloquist. Part II.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1165 Lost on a Yacht; or, The Adventures of Four American Boys..... by R. T. Emmet
1166 Rob Rudder, the Boy Pilot of the Mississippi..... by P. T. Raymond
1167 On a Sinking Island..... by Kit Clyde
1168 Muldoon's Flats—comic..... by Tom Teaser
1169 The Hut in the Swamp; or, The Mystery of Hal Percy's Fate..... by R. T. Emmet
1170 Nick and Jed, the King Trappers of the Border..... by P. T. Raymond
1171 Clear the Track Tom; or, The Youngest Engineer on the Road..... by Albert J. Booth
1172 The Demon of the Deep; or, Above and Beneath the Sea..... by Howard De Vere
1173 Larry the Life Saver; or, A Born Fireman by Robert Lennox
1174 The Island of Mystery; or, Adventures Under the Sea..... by Howard De Vere
1175 Goldburn, the Girl Guerrilla..... by Morris Redwing
1176 Dick Mizzen; or, The Cruise of the 'Cormorant'..... by Richard R. Montgomery
1177 Yankee Bob, the Young Scout of the Rappahannock..... by Ralph Morton
1178 The Potomac Detective..... by Ralph Morton
1179 Union Dick in the Rebel Camp..... by Philip Murdock
1180 Cavalry Jack at Murfreesboro..... by Col. Ralph Fenton
1181 Cavalry Jack in the Swamps..... by Col. Ralph Fenton
1182 Sea-Dog Charlie; or, The Adventures of a Boy Hero..... by W. I. James, Jr.
1183 The Shortys on the Road; or, In the Old Business Just for Fun—comic..... by Peter Pad
1184 The Haunted Cave..... by Jas. D. Montague
1185 Infantry Dave, the Young Scout of the Wilderness..... by Ralph Morton
1186 Daniel Boone, the Hero of Kentucky..... by Paul Braddon
1187 Three Yankee Chums; or, Dr. Dodd's Exploring Expedition..... by Commodore Ah-Look
1188 Burt, the Detective; or, A Sleuth-Hound on the Track..... by Police Captain Howard
1189 The Mysterious Messenger; or, The Secret of the Three Black Stars..... by Hart Barnard
1190 The Gallant Middy; or, Captured by Pirates..... by Richard R. Montgomery
1191 Meta, the Girl Crusoe; or, The Secret of the Sea..... by Gus. Williams
1192 Under the Gallows..... by a U. S. Detective
1193 The Gold Hunters of Mexico; or, The Prairie Phantom..... by H. C. Emmet
1194 Drifting Harry; or, Hoeing His Own Row, by J. G. Bradley
1195 A Trip to the Center of the Earth..... by Howard De Vere
1196 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn..... by Col. J. M. Travers
1197 Shady Dell School; or, Haps and Mishaps of Schoolboy Life..... by Capt. Will Dayton
1198 Dick Wright and His Band of Cannibals..... by J. R. Scott
1199 Sawdust Charlie, the Pet of the Ring..... by An Old Ringmaster
1200 The Blasted Pine; or, Three Boy Scouts..... by Capt. Will Dayton
1201 The Boy Trapezist..... by a Former Professional
1202 Little Nugget, the Pride of Leadville..... by Major J. Anderson

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price, 5 cents. Address

P. O. Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.